Volume LXIII CHICAGO, JULY 1, 1909 Number 18

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Law

True love to liberty is never foe,
And he who truly loves is truly free:
Thus thought I when I heard the pulsing flow
Of mighty music rushing gloriously
Along the channels of unchanging law;
Thus thought I when I gazed upon the skies
And there the circling universe I saw
Moving obedient in glad harmonies
About a central, inescapable power:
No sun, nor planet, nor wild comet's course
But owns that sway in every separate hour
Of all its centuries; to that one force
Freely it yields,—as hearts that never rove
But pour their being in a single love.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1909 NUMBER 18

Not where men congregate to talk of God
And thunder forth their dogmas in his name,
But here, my heart, where silken bluebells nod
And rosy redbuds flame.

Here where the wind, his spirit, prayeth low
And spring each word of ministry fulfils
In bud and bloom, with green and golden glow
Crowning the prophet hills.

Where root and twig and bough obey his will,
And every leaf has its appointed place—
And all the trees are waiting, reverent, still
His never-failing grace.
—*Ingram Crockett in "The Magic of the Woods."*

Midsummer Arrangement

As usual with the first of July, the editorial and mailing-list departments of UNITY have moved to their summer quarters, and all mail matter will be more expeditiously delivered if addressed to Tower Hill, Wisconsin; all express and telegraph matter to Spring Green, Wisconsin.

The Chautauquan, mechanically speaking, is one of the most modest exchanges that reaches our table, but it is always loaded with good material. This is particularly true of the June number, which is entitled, "Special Conservation Number." We know not where in the same space and for the same cost one can get so clear a conception of the work done towards the conservation of our natural resources and the importance of the same as in this little twenty-five cent monthly. It should be read by every voter, teacher, preacher and poet, for it is concerned with matters intimately related with patriotism, religion and art.

Of the many merited tributes to Edward Everett Hale, none comes with more freshness and first-hand authority than that from his old comrade in arms, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in *The Outlook* for June 19. Colonel Higginson knows a joke when he sees it and recognizes the value of a sense of humor, which was a saving clause in the life of the intense worker, Edward Everett Hale. Mr. Higginson calls attention to what he considers the masterpieces of Mr. Hale,—a newspaper sketch, entitled "The Last Shake," a snatch of Homeric translation, and "The Man Without a Country," which as surely hangs in the Temple of Fame as does Dr. Holmes' "Chambered Nautilus."

Now that vacation days have come it should be remembered that a comparatively small part of the workers of the world can know the months of July and August as other than months of hard work under trying circumstances; perhaps to the majority they are the months of hardest work. It is well for those to whom is given the benignant shade of the trees to remember that the July and August days are so many talents given by the divine bounty, that the Master of the Harvest will demand an accounting for the same, and that the malediction that belongs to the faithless servant awaits those who bury the rare talent in a napkin, wasting the opportunity they ought to have utilized.

The movement here to save the babes from the awful fatalities of mid-summer is assuming systematic as well as extensive proportions. It is reported that 718 babes died in Chicago last year during the month of August from "summer diseases" wholly preventable with proper care and wholesome conditions. To aid the health department, tent stations with physicians and nurses in charge are being established in the most densely populated sections of the city. Three of these tent stations are to be placed on the roofs of buildings; one at Superior and Eighty-fifth streets, one on top of the Mary Crane nursery, and the other on the roof of the Northwestern University Settlement, and there is nothing more bountifully supplied by Nature than fresh air, good water, simple food, and pure milk.

The title of "The Bungalow Magazine" suggests the character of the architectural publication issued monthly at Los Angeles. The name suggests certain dangerous temptations in architecture. "Bungalow" has an unhomelike, foreign, oriental sound, and the style of architecture it suggests is more often quaint than beautiful, more unique than restful, more expensive than economic. Bungalow architecture is always in danger of suggesting spring-bonnet art,—something novel, startling, unique, unlike anything ever before created and sure never to be duplicated. The multiplication of lines, the mixing of materials,—cobble stones, brick, plaster, siding, glass arranged for architectural effect rather than for lighting,—are all elements to be compounded in bungalow architecture. There are fads and freaks in American architecture as well as in American millinery. Home-

builders would do well to read "Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," before employing an architect, and the architect who withholds his respect or exposes his ignorance of the great fundamentals of architecture,—simplicity, strength, utility,—had better be avoided.

"Germany Aghast at the New Tax Proposals to Cover the $125,000,000.00 Deficit a Year Created by the Increase in Naval Armament Expenses!!!" These are the head lines in a recent daily paper. How easily read! How flippantly passed by! How terrible is the situation! How ominous for civilization! England, perhaps, is in more distressed financial condition than Germany. As another remarked recently, "It will need the dreadnoughts it is building to collect the exorbitant taxes from its over-burdened citizens. Even the United States with all its prosperity and with its much-boasted reasonable navy is at its wit's end to find a revenue to stop the growing debt. The way is "as plain as a pike-staff." Stop the naval foolishness by methods entirely legitimate and obvious to the higher statesmanship. A reader of UNITY has sent in $5.00 for the distribution of Mr. Gannett's timely word on "The Insanity of Civilized Nations." We wish it might have been $50.00 so that we could extensively circulate the reprints which we have prepared, a copy of which might wisely be handed to every member of Congress, every governor in the Union, members of the state legislatures, and all the ministers of the gospel (!) who still believe that the beatitudes can be advanced by bayonets, the Prince of Peace be served by battleships.

Mr. John Harrison, President of the British & Foreign Unitarian Association, at its recent anniversary, gave a most thoughtful address on Religion and Music, which is published in *The Inquirer* (London) for June 5. In this discourse occurs this suggestive allusion to an experience which the speaker enjoyed in the old Pantydefaid Chapel in South Wales, the religious home into which the Senior Editor of UNITY was born.

> Music in divine service entrusted to the congregation or mass of worshippers, in other words, congregational singing, was heard at its best in Reformation times. Each worshipper sang the part fitted to his voice, while the universal knowledge of music ensured performances in perfect time and tune. In our days we fall far short of this ideal, for everyone must sing even without training or experience, and everyone has a right to sing, for who can deny his fellow-worshipper's claim to raise his voice in praise of God? Therefore we must be content with things as they are, and the claims of cultivated music in that part of divine service which is allotted to the people must be ignored. At least these were my convictions until a few weeks ago, when my duty as President of your Association called me to one of our chapels in a remote village amongst the Welsh mountains. There, for the first time in my life, I heard that which I consider to be true congregational singing. Each worshipper sang a part as in the good old days when England was second to none as a musical nation, the result being an impressive body of music in harmony, proceeding from a large and earnest congregation, in perfect time and tune. Here, at last, did I find congregational singing worthy of the name; here was a musical offering of worship to the Almighty of which there was no cause to be ashamed. From this platform I send my greetings and thanks to those worthy Welsh friends. Their hearty singing ever ringing in my ears will never cease to typify in my mind the subject of this paper, Religion and Music.

A recent opportunity for spending a couple of days in the Public Library of Cleveland in the company of its masterful librarian was a revelation to the man from Chicago. The varied means used to bring the book and the reader together in such a fashion as to force the good book upon the attention of the careless or indifferent reader, the number of methods employed, the high percentage of readers and the joy and enthusiasm of it all, is something not to be described, but, once felt, it is a lesson in patriotism and religion as well as in pedagogy. Home Libraries, High School Libraries, School Libraries, Traveling Libraries, Class Room Libraries, The Story Hour, Boys' and Girls' Reading Circles and Clubs, Established Branches, Children's Rooms, are some of the titles that suggest the methods. Here books are not dealt with as commodities to be passed over the counter, like so much hardware, groceries or dry goods, but the readers mingle among the stacks, sample the books, finger them, feel them, and pass out as from a literary baptism, with new relish and higher purposes. The present writer went in search of one book on a given subject; he found it on a shelf of books on the same subject and realized for the first time that the book he was after was not the book he needed, because a better book was equally available. We trust that those interested in public libraries, in Chicago and elsewhere, will study the Cleveland method and the Cleveland triumph.

We heartily share with the indignation of the public in regard to the panicky attitude of the police towards Emma Goldman and her associates. Any attempt to anticipate a speech and to punish an anticipatory offense belongs to the absolutism that no longer obtains even in monarchical governments outside of Russia and its semi-oriental neighbors. The United States of America stands for a better way. We deplore feverish rhetoric, sentimental oratory and spectacular reform, whether of a radical or a convervative type, but the way to avoid an explosion is to open the safety valves and let the steam fizz. Free speech is the best safeguard against brute force or violence. Believing this, we reproduce the words of our neighbor, *The Public*, of June 18, concerning the recent Emma Goldman affair in New Jersey.

> Allen Freeman made good his determination that Emma Goldman should speak in East Orange, police or no police. He had engaged a hall for her, but the police forbade the meeting, Russian fashion, without the slightest idea of what she intended to say, and with no evidence whatever that she has in any of her speeches violated any law. Regardless of the prohibition, she undertook to speak; but, intimidated by the police, the hall owner refused to honor his contract. Mr. Freeman then opened his barn for the meeting, and threatened

the police with damage suits if they interfered. They did not interfere. And now behold what the Associated Press reports as to this "red handed" woman's "bloody" speech:

"The police would not let her talk in English's hall, so she went over to Allen Freeman's barn and told about Sudermann and Hauptmann, and Ibsen, and Brandes, and how their plays had disseminated radical thought. It was a talk that for the most part could have been delivered in a church."

Is it for speeches like this that the police are encouraged by de-Americanized Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution to overturn the most vital principles for which their ancestors fought?

"Bands of Mercy," and similar children's organizations are easily formed but maintained with difficulty. Eight years is a long life for such a venture. The Jenkin Lloyd Jones Band of Mercy, of Mason City, Iowa, has reached that mature, if not old, age. This last year it represented a constituency of 1,000 children and twenty-five teachers. The local paper gives much space to the work of this organization. An account is given of work done in the grammar grades of the public school. The third grade children were interested in the story of a little child, pictures of pet dogs, etc. The fourth grade studied earth-worms. The fifth grade learned that the aigrette and the osprey are the same, and that the coveted hat decorations may well be called badges of cruelty. The sixth grade were interested in the life and work of Geo. T. Angell. The seventh grade delighted in the story of Sir Galahad. The eighth grade studied the transportation and treatment of cattle on railroads, etc. There were prize-essay competitions and over $100.00 was distributed in prizes in some twenty-three different classes. The pledge of this Mercy Band runs as follows: "I will be kind to all harmless, living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage;" their motto is, "We speak for those that cannot speak for themselves"; their watch word,

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Further information can doubtless be secured by writing to the diligent superintendent of the Band, Mrs. Rosalie Reiniger Wilson, 324 South Superior avenue, Mason City, Iowa.

The Graduation Burden

It is characteristic of American life that it seldom does a thing without over-doing it. No event in the life of the young man or woman or the interest of the home and the community is more engirdled with tenderness, loving emotion and inspiring aspirations than that of Graduation Day. Measured by the experiences of the youth up to date, it is indeed a high climax, a culmination long looked forward to, an honor worthily won. It is fitting that flowers, music, oratory and worship should add their emphasis to the beautiful occasion.

But when the occasion is loaded down with forms and ceremonies, costly paraphernalia and exhaustive display, it is changing inspiration into weariness, gladness into anxiety. Instead of relief comes prostration, and instead of rest comes the critical period of depression and nervous exhaustion.

The final examinations, accompanied with the breaking up of the school associations, and the forming of new plans and responsibilities, necessarily tax the strength to the breaking point at best. When there are added to this an unreasonable number of unacademic social "functions," costly dresses which, however readily paid for, represent exhausting labor, weariness of eye and hand to somebody, the nerve-wearing publicity oftentimes ending in the spiritual and ethical anti-climax of an exhaustive dance that breaks into the wee hours of the night, Graduation Day becomes a physical menace, a financial burden, a social dissipation, all of which tend to dull the intellectual exaltation and the spiritual vision which should go with this budding season, the spring festival of the soul.

We are glad to see that in most cases the display essay is being omitted. There is a strong tide setting in among the wiser masters and mistresses of schools, in the interest of a more Quaker-like simplicity of dress, of program and social strain. It is a time for joyous congratulation, but not of wearying dissipation. We are sorry to see that there still lurks, even among higher institutions, a disposition to parade, to fuss and feathers,—to what might be called the millinery of education,—that is hardly consistent with the dignity of the intellectual life, for there must ever be an element of noble austerity in culture.

We read in the papers of one girls' school exhausting the students in long days spent in the meadow gathering daisies, and long hours of the night spent in weaving a daisy chain which was so heavy that the girls who bore it on their shoulders were obliged to wear a pad to ease the strain. In other places we read of "burying the box" and passing around the "pipe of peace," and similar inventions of something to do. In some schools beauty of face or social popularity is made the test of honor and the mark of leadership, all of which is a gross indignity to the fundamental purposes of a school, which should deal with mind and not with faces; with soul and not with body.

There is a psychic justification of this protest against the heavy programs and the elaborate displays which over-emphasize the significance of the graduation and under-emphasize the significance of the commencement. Perhaps it has something to do with the painful reaction which too often follows the American commencement. Too many young men and women reach the high-water mark of their intellectual activity in the senior year. The classics, the masters of science and thought, are laid aside with a sigh of relief instead of being taken up with new zest when the

mind is free to follow its own behests, to discover and develop its own tastes.

Simplicity, simplicity, and again simplicity, is perhaps the requisite most difficult to obtain, but ever indispensable, in art, architecture, statecraft, in church and school.

We believe profoundly in signs and symbols, ritual and ceremony. And because we believe in them we would guard their sanctity, by doing, not over-doing, that which makes Graduation Day beautiful and significant.

THE PULPIT

Samuel June Barrows—A Circuit Rider in the Humanities

By Paul U. Kellogg.

THE WIRELESS MESSAGE.

Electric pulses through the viewless air
  Pitched to some distant tone,
With ardent zeal their voiceless message bear
  Through the ethereal zone,
And at some tuned, receptive point remote,
  They find their kindred note.

Self-poised on high the towers of the soul
  Some distant message wait.
Magnetic pulses speed from pole to pole,
  Swift to affiliate:
But thou, my soul, to gain this wished-for boon,
  Must keep thyself in tune.

Love flashes in the open, shoreless sky,
  Pathway of God and man,
The burning question and the swift reply.
  Shall I the message scan
And shall I find as these swift pulses dart
  Some message for my heart?

In his verses on Life and Song, Sidney Lanier lamented that the singer had not yet come, who should wholly live his minstrelsy—live it as if life were caught by a clarionet and its heart were utterly bodied forth in the throbbing of the reed. The Oratorio Society and the Prison Association of New York united the evening of May 27 at Mendelssohn Hall in a service commemorative of the life of Samuel June Barrows. The splendid choruses in which he had lifted up his voice for years were interspersed by addresses telling of him as the helper of prisoners, the lover of letters, the lover of justice, the man of peace, the shepherd of souls. These are so many aspects of a life, long and full, which had loosened many of those fetters that bind men to misery (such as crime, bigotry, war and race hatred) and which, in turn, had forged strong, radiant links with music and the other joys of creation. For it was more nearly true of him than of most men, that "his song was only living aloud; his work, a singing with his hand."

Mr. Barrows died of pneumonia on April 21 at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York. The illness came upon him suddenly in the flood-tide of the year's work; and his very loyalty to the public duties thick upon him, made him loath to be reconciled and to lay them down. "I think it is hard to die like a saint," he said, "I am content to die without a crown, just as a decent man." In that way, also, had he lived, simply, unpretendingly, just as a decent man. Yet the International Prison Congress, when it assembles in Washington in 1910, will meet without its elected president—the first American to be called to the chair of this world's conference. Delegates speaking various tongues and standing high in the counsels of the great governments, will mourn not only a fellow member but a friend, as intimate and personal to them as to the boys of an East Side night school fifty years ago, who without leave or precedent gave "nine cheers for Barrows" when he left their class. And convicts in the great prisons of Eastern Europe, shuffling negroes in the chain gangs of the South, parolemen granted a new chance in life by Australian law he had influenced, children before the new juvenile courts of France, sick men in the disease-beset cell-blocks of our older penitentiaries, young offenders locked in with the hardened rounders of obscure county jails—all these also lost a friend, as surely as their lot, and that of their kind for generations to come, is bound to be influenced by the things he substantially advanced.

Mr. Barrows' last piece of self-sacrifice was for such a one—in prison—to be visited though it were to the ends of the world. In March, Mrs. Barrows had set out for St. Petersburg, in behalf of Madame Breshkovsky, one of the heroic noblewomen of the Russian revolutionary movement, who, in her seventieth year, lies sick in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. "I should be glad to give my life for Babushka," he said, as his wife started alone on this emergent mission to Russia, "and would count it well spent. I cannot go; I think you should go." The cables carried word of his sickness to Mrs. Barrows, but the fastest steamers were unable to bring the wife back to her own until after his death. We may be sure, however, that there was a communion between them—such answering chords of the spirit as found expression in the above stanzas which he had written, half-prophetically it would seem now, when they were last on the ocean together.

Separated at death, in life Mr. and Mrs. Barrows have been so truly at one that a review, however brief, of the work of either must have much the character of a joint biography. Their collaboration on a volume of reminiscences is one of the plans whose fulfillment his death came to prevent. This sharing of life work together was the more remarkable because of the great variety of experience which he, as few men, got out of his generation. Here was a man who campaigned in the Indian country, and was a peace advocate; who dug up Greek temples and pulled down old jails; who as a linguist mastered the harshest consonants of the nations, and as a sweet singer sang oratorios, and wrote ballads; here was a newspaper correspondent, preacher, editor, stenographer, penologist, parliamentary leader, poet, and humanitarian.

Mr. Barrows was born May 26, 1845, on the lower East Side, New York. He was a child when his father died after a protracted sickness. The first years were of utter poverty. His mother made a living for herself and her four children by making shoeblacking after an old English recipe. At eight years he went to work as an office boy in the printing press works of R. Hoe & Company. He worked ten hours a day; his wages were a dollar a week; Sundays he listened through three heavy sermons; evenings he went to night classes; and one year his employer let his wages go on while the boy attended day school. Colonel Hoe was a friend of Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, and the first private wire in the world was strung to his factory. Twelve-year-old Samuel Barrows operated it. The boy also studied short-

hand, and throughout his life was an expert stenographer.* During the war he attempted to enlist in the navy but was thrown out on account of health; and to retrieve the drains in strength which overwork since childhood had made upon him, he took a position as secretary with Dr. Jackson of the Dansville Sanitarium. It was there that he met Isabel Hayes Chapin, who was equipping herself as a medical missionary to return to India, whither she had gone as a bride of eighteen and where her husband had died. Mr. and Mrs. Barrows were married June 28, 1867. They were twenty-two; they had no money; but they were rich in purpose, and with rare courage and mutual helpfulness set about a larger preparation for the work of life.

While Mrs. Barrows completed her medical studies —those were the days when women students were pelted and ridiculed—Mr. Barrows served as a reporter on the New York *Tribune,* and for a summer as city editor on the New York *World,* then a religious daily. In 1868 he was appointed stenographic secretary to William H. Seward and remained in the Department of State until 1874. At one time he fell ill with typhoid and Mrs. Barrows took his post, the first woman employed in the department. During this period, she completed her medical studies by a year at Vienna, specializing in the eye. Returning to this country she opened an office in Washington, the first oculist at the national capital. She taught also in Howard Medical School.

Mr. Barrows had studied out of hours at Columbian University (exchanging shorthand for Latin and Greek) and was now enabled to complete his own professional education. He entered Harvard Divinity School and graduated in 1874 (B. D.). Those were the years when Agassiz was delivering his famous lectures in natural science at Cambridge, and every Sunday the New York *Tribune* reported them at a page in length. The work was done by Mr. and Mrs. Barrows, and their reports were made up by Agassiz into a book.

During the summers of 1873 and 1874, the divinity student was with General Custer on the Yellowstone and in the Black Hills as correspondent for the *Tribune.* His summers were full of adventure: he was the first to report the discovery of gold in the Black Hills. A bullet struck a tree just above his head, and he narrowly escaped an ambush in which his companion was killed. By good fortune he did not set out the next season—that of the massacre—but with Mrs. Barrows spent the year in post-graduate studies at Leipzig. Returning to this country, he was made minister of the First Parish, Dorchester, Mass. Four years later he became editor of *The Christian Register,* making that Unitarian journal a national force during the decades of the great church weeklies. In 1897 he was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress, a republican from a heavily democratic district which had been outraged by a corrupt incumbent. His first success was in securing from Congress permission to send ships to India loaded with grain for the famine sufferers; his chief speech was perhaps one in favor of admitting books and works of art free of duty; —again that balance which has been pointed out as characteristic of the compelling interests in his life. His congressional career was short—one term—but during that time he was instrumental in associating the American Congress with the parliaments of the world. He was the first American to join the Interparliamentary Union, and ten years later was the active member of the committee in charge of the St. Louis meeting which brought here representatives of the legislative assemblies of all civilization.

Mr. Barrows' retirement from Washington marked the maturing of his larger work for prison reform. He had been one of the founders of the Massachusetts Prison Association and had helped develop the probation system in that state. In 1896 he was appointed by President Cleveland commissioner for the United States on the International Prison Commission, serving since then on its executive committee and representing the United States at the quinquennial congresses in Paris, Brussels, and Budapest. At the last congress he was elected president. It was through his efforts that the congress of 1910 is to be held in Washington. Mr. Barrows was instrumental in securing a federal appropriation of $20,000 for this congress, and the major work of preparation has been done by him. With Mrs. Barrows he had planned a tour this summer of the South American republics to enlist their interest in the Washington gathering.

In 1899 Mr. Barrows was appointed corresponding secretary of the Prison Association of New York, and for ten years his influence for progress and breadth of view in penal legislation has been cumulative in both state and nation. It has been marked by repeated assaults on the stupid blunder of capital punishment, by his ready recognition of the juvenile court idea, his energetic attacks upon systems of prison idleness, and his unswerving support of the reformatory movement, probation and parole. These have been linked with a grasp of the technical side of prison construction and management. He was a member of the New York State Probation Commission of 1905-6, and of the present State Commission on New Prisons which is charged with the task of replacing old, disease-ridden Sing Sing with a modern structure. To this end Mr. Barrows visited Great Britain, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Germany, France, Spain and Portugal. Some of the best energies of the last years of his life were devoted, against domineering political opposition, to secure the embodiment in the new institution of some of the standards set by modern European prisons. At the present session of the New York legislature, in co-operation with the State Prison Commission, his association strongly urged the establishment of three state workhouses and a reformatory for youthful misdemeanants. When taken sick, he was in Albany in support of bills to make the office of sheriff of Queens County, New York, a salaried one, to establish a board of trustees of labor colonies for the detention, reformation and instruction of persons convicted of vagrancy, drunkenness, etc., and to establish the "John Howard Industrial School" for the educational, industrial, and moral instruction of juvenile delinquents. In behalf of the latter measure, in a report drafted for the Prison Association of New York, and released for publication one week before his death, he made this appeal:

> The poor boy in New York is pretty well taken care of and so is the youthful felon. But the youthful misdemeanant has been overlooked.
>
> It is appalling to think that by a process of legal indifference and neglect a boy may be sent for six months or a year to a jail where he comes into the most degraded society, where he is without work and without schooling, except the deplorable schooling in crime furnished by older and hardened offenders. A few figures from the official reports of the State Commission of Prisons show how imperative is the need. The number of boys from sixteen to twenty-one sentenced to jails and penitentiaries for the past year outside of Greater New York was 4,428 and the number of the same

age sentenced in New York City was 14,044, a total of 18,472. In addition more than 10,000 between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, are likewise sentenced to the jails and penitentiaries.

The passage is cited because of its timely bearing, although it is not representative of the lofty utterances which found place in many of Mr. Barrows' speeches and writings, nor of those less frequent instances in which indignation mounted over his persistent kindliness. Then he spoke the wrath that was in him at the continuation of conditions that sicken and besot humanity. His public arraignment was of methods and institutions rather than of men. He was a staunch fighter of the iniquitous fee system, and though he succeeded in having it abolished in many counties in New York state, those who love him best feel that he fell a victim to his warfare in behalf of this cause. His last letter, written from Albany the day he was taken ill, told how men in both parties were leagued against him (for the shrievalty has been one of the prizes in county politics and must be rooted out one county at a time); but he said that he was determined to fight till the end to free Queens County, one of the strongholds of the system. Hundreds of impressionable first offenders, who ought to be placed on probation or in the reformatories, are held in the old Long Island jail because of the profit in their keep. There is a solemn indictment in the circumstances of his death, which those who are responsible for blocking the reforms for which he stood, must settle with their consciences as best they may,—those who discounted the disease and criminality bred in such conditions, and saw only an office for the fall elections, and such fees as have made men rich. And there is a challenge in the circumstances of his death to younger men to carry forward the causes that laid such compelling hold upon his last strength.

In his federal capacity, Mr. Barrows did much work with the Department of Justice toward a revision of the penal law of the United States. He was identified with bills before the last Congress, providing for the parole of United States prisoners, for the appointment of probation officers and the suspension of sentence in United States courts, and for a revision of the statutes relating to the commitment of United States prisoners to reformatories of states. He was tremendously interested in the work of the local commission, which reported in January on the jail, workhouse, etc., in the District of Columbia, and which recommended the establishment of a model system for the national capital.

Mr. Barrows' services were not restricted to either New York or the federal government. They were at the call of prison reform in every state. This was illustrated in his long volunteer work as departmental editor on the treatment of the delinquent for *Charities Review, Charities and The Commons, and The Survey,* involving, as it did, a large investment of time and interest. He was repeatedly chairman of committees of the National Prison Association, and the National Conference of Charities and Correction. Among recent undertakings, mention should be made of his work on the committee which has aroused local interest throughout the country in the sanitary conditions of jails. He drafted the reformatory law and probation law for the new state of Oklahoma, addressing the legislature last year in their behalf. Last fall he addressed three state conferences on the Pacific Coast and visited penal institutions from San Diego to Seattle. In January, he made three addresses to help arouse public sentiment in Milwaukee against its house of correction.

Through reports prepared for the International Prison Commission his work as circuit rider in penology finds permanent form and has been circulated in many countries. There have been fifteen of these titles, including reports on the Criminal Insane in the United States and Foreign Countries, the Indeterminate Sentence and Parole Law, the Reformatory System in the United States, Penal Codes of France, Germany, Belgium, and Japan. Modern Prison Systems, New Legislation Concerning Crimes and Misdemeanors, Growth of the Criminal Law, and Children's Courts of the United States. Mr. Barrows made these reports, together with his biennial trips to Europe as American prison commissioner, responsible to the Department of State, a basis for what was in truth a rare diplomatic service—an informal ambassadorship to all nations in the cause of enlightened justice. Take, for instance, two letters received (since his death) in the same day's mail. One, from Tasmania, tells how primitive is the prison system there, what great changes will have to be made before it can be truly reformative. It adds that the system set forth in the New York association's report sent by Mr. Barrows will largely form the key to the improvements advocated. "You have given me fresh courage in this, my life work, and strength to carry it on," the writer says. "You little know how far into the future your kindness will reach." The second letter is from an official of the Transvaal Prison Department, who had received counsel and copies of reports from Mr. Barrows, and who had given them wider influence by lending the reports in many quarters, "where they would be more eloquent than I," and making them available for the press. The writer says:

> It is clear that American methods find greatest favor here and we trust in the future that we shall be able to keep in touch with the United States and learn what is taking place. When I tell you that since my first letter to you, we have a reformatory in full working order and classification in all the large prisons, and that this session of Parliament will see introduced the principles of indeterminate sentence, parole and probation and other improvements in the treatment of juvenile delinquents, you will see that your action in sending me your book was entirely in vain.

Space forbids excursions into the other fields of interest which Mr. Barrows explored with such keen zest throughout his life. His religious experience began with folded arms beneath the teacher's quick rattan in the old Cannon Street Church, as related in his book, A Baptist Meeting-House. Soon after his majority he became a Unitarian, and what a friend has called his "incessant helpfulness" was but a practical living out of the catholicity of his faith. Margaret Deland drew not a little of the material for her novel, "John Ward, Preacher," from his early book, "The Doom of the Majority of Mankind," and a recent anonymous article in *The Independent,* "The Church I Am Looking For," provoked much discussion. The writer had looked for a vineyard to work in; instead they had set him to building fences. He was a strong advocate in the peace movement, a leader in the Mohonk conferences on the Negroes, Indians, and International Arbitration, and in each of these fields he took a life-long and active interest. It was Howard University (colored) which granted him the degree of doctor of divinity in 1897. He was a frequent editorial contributor to magazines, notably *The Outlook* and *The Independent,* his writings showing both a constructive earnestness and an inimitable humor. This last year he prepared a series of articles for *The Outlook* on the temperance movement and became

a formidable figure in the new discussion of the liquor question. His readiness to assume emergent tasks in addition to his serene mastery of routine responsibilities was illustrated in the winter of 1907-8, when he acted as executive secretary of the Russian Famine Relief Committee, which collected over $50,000 in this country.

A hundred stories could be told of the approachableness and ineffable sympathy of the man. "You need not be afraid to disturb me by writing upon this subject," was his answer to a letter from an unknown questioner. "I am always deeply interested in having something done." He taught a new play of jack-stones to the newsboys at the corner where he took the car. Later, one of them nudged a playfellow, as Mr. Barrows passed on the street. "There he goes," he overheard, "there's the feller that introduced 'skunks' into Dorchester." But neither his ever-present sympathy, nor his patient reluctance to retort in the face of opposition or attack, nor the glamor of philosophy which shone in his face, was cloak for inaction. He was the fastest horseman in his Massachusetts regiment. As a youth, in the days of the draft riots, he stamped out the firebrands which a mob had thrown into a store they were about to loot. As a reporter, he made some of the famous "beats" of his day—one, a great wreck on the Atlantic Coast, and another, a New Jersey hanging. The execution was delayed until a late hour and, when the correspondents posted to the telegraph office, they found it closed. Barrows connected the wire which had been cut off and sent his message in with his own hands—the only one to reach New York in time for press.*

A member of the Handel and Haydn Society, in Boston, he became a member and director of the Oratorio Society in New York. He learned the piano at fifty, and at the time of his death was practicing two hours a day on the organ at St. George's. He composed the words and music of many hymns, the harmony of an organ prelude, the lively music of such fancies as "The Echo Queen," and "The Beacon Street Tramp, a Panethnicphilanthropometric Play," which he wrote and took part in with much gaiety. He spoke French, German and Modern Greek, read Dutch and Italian and was learning Spanish for his South American trip. The address of the American commissioner in Hungarian was a feature of the great Budapest Prison Congress.

It was the life and culture of the Greeks which laid closest hold upon his hours of leisure and which has had artistic sequence in the work of his daughter, Mabel Hay Barrows Mussey, in reviving the Greek drama. Mr. Barrows spent a year in Greece with Dorpfeld, the famous German archæologist, and was with him when he dug up the Homeric city of Troy. He was the author of The Isles and Shrines of Greece. Homer was his heart's love, and at his summer home on Lake Memphremagog in lower Quebec, the first two hours after sunrise were given over to reading the new meaning of a student of peoples into the ancient lines. It was there in this camp started by the Shaybacks, as the Barrows had called themselves when they first explored the region thirty-three years before, at Cedar Lodge, and Cabin June, and Birchbay, that the marvelous family life of this American household found its amplest expression. Hoe, Seward, Agassiz, Phillips Brooks, Dorpfeld, Custer,—those were various men to mark a man's life intimately, and they but stand for a hundred other men of world-fame who counted him as their friend; but here about their open fires—and this is of greater meaning—"Uncle June" and "Aunt Isabel" have been in a very real sense foster parents to a company of children of the world, knowing no race, or creed, or color as not of kin. Here was an everyday embodiment of that universal sympathy, gentle, resistless, which marked his play, and work, and preaching—which made fraternalism the great tenet of his democracy and made the uncrowned decent living of this man at once a harmony and a social force. Here was a man who fraternized in a full-blooded sense with the ancient Greeks, with the famine-lean peasants of the Volga provinces, with the prisoner of the meanest jail, with the masters of music and art and government, with the God of the mountain peaks of his northern lake—"Nor time nor space nor deep nor high" could keep his own away from him.—*The Survey, May 29, 1909.*

*Mr and Mrs. Barrows accomplished jointly what had never been done before—the first verbatim report of one of Phillips Brooks' rapid sermons. Mrs. Barrows has translated mentally addresses in German by Carl Schurz and taken them down in English while in process of delivery. For twenty years she was official reporter and editor of the proceedings of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, and has served various international conventions in similar capacity, inscribing her notes in whatever language was spoken. Post cards marked with pot hooks by husband or wife carried more intelligence to the other than long letters between less gifted correspondents.

Memorial Resolutions

The members of the Ministers' Luncheon Club of New York City, in meeting assembled, wish to express not only their feeling of loss in the death of Samuel June Barrows, but, as well, their high appreciation of his brilliant gifts of mind, his sterling character, his wide interest in humanity and his services to the causes of charity and reform.

It was given him to act in many fields of endeavor, and always he quitted himself like a man—strong, fearless, unshaken. As soldier, preacher, editor, scholar, man of affairs, philanthropist, reformer, he was found doing the work nearest at hand, in a spirit of chivalrous devotion and unfailing good will. His sympathies were world-wide and he was known and honored in many lands as a messenger of international peace.

We, his fellow-members in this club, join in the tribute that is being paid to his memory by many men and women in different walks of life; but above all, we rejoice to think of him as a brother in the ministry of religion, ever earnest and hopeful, ever helpful and sympathetic, the clasp of whose hand was ready and warm and the tones of whose voice were full of friendliness and cheer. We say, "Surely this friend and brother has but passed on to a continuation of noble service."

"Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the spirit in whom thou dost live."

New York City, June 7, 1909.

A Common Ground

A Christian, a Buddhist, a Jew and a Universalist came to the pyramid of Truth.

Each chose one slope of it, and long each one contended that his was the right side. They sent missionaries one to the other, and even strove to drag one another over, each to his own side.

Despairing at last of any union of the Churches, each began to climb.

They met at the top. BOLTON HALL.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—We must not postpone our heaven; it is as present now as it ever will be. We enter it by loyal service of God at all times.

MON.—No man or woman or child can tell what may grow out of their present fidelity.

TUES.—It may be our chief judgment in the other world to learn how much has grown out of our unfaithfulness here.

WED.—I call that mind free which resists the bondage of habit; which forgets what is behind and pours itself forth in fresh and higher exertions.

THURS.—I call that mind free which masters the senses, which is ever hungering and seeking after righteousness.

FRI.—Perfection of mind seems to me to unite firmness and mildness, force and tenderness, vigor and grace.

SAT.—Some beams of the glory of heaven shine upon us in whatever is lovely, heroic and virtuously happy in ourselves or in others.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

THE FRIENDLY HOUSE

The Friendly House dispenses cheer. Its shutters are flung wide;
The sunshine streams upon the plants that smile with bloom inside;
The porch has roomy benches where a weary child may rest;
The blind-doors open out like arms to welcome every guest.

The Friendly House a deep well has, with water icy cool,
Where children love to stop and drink when coming home from school.
And there's a big square sitting-room, with many a gay rag mat,
A shiny haircloth sofa, and a soft old purring cat.

The Friendly House on baking day is all a child could wish;
The garden has such splendid things to make, and do, and play,—
Such dandelion stems for curls, such "pudding bags" to blow,
Such burs for making furniture, such heaps of snowball "snow."

The Friendly House on baking day is all a child could wish;
You're welcome in the kitchen, and they let you scrape the dish!
And often you may roll some dough, pretending pies to make,
And always in the oven there's a little scalloped cake.

This dear old house, from cellar clean to attic up above,
Is full to overflowing with a warm and patient love.
Its spirit of unselfishness does naught but serve and give.
The Friendly House—why, can't you guess? It's where the Grandmas live!

—Annie Willis McCullough, Youth's Companion.

Uncle Dan's Bear Story

"Well, said Uncle Dan, when the children teased for a story, "since you all want something different, I think I shall have to decide myself. How would you like to have me tell you about a bear that has frightened more people than any other in the world, and that frightened me lots and lots of times?"

"O-o-o-o! Goody!" cried all of them together.

"It's about a grizzly bear," said Lyman.

'No, a polar bear," guessed Lizzie.

"I think it's a cinnamon bear," declared Bob.

Uncle Dan laughed. "No," he said, "it isn't any one of those bears. It's a kind of bear you never heard of—a bear that has very strange habits, and is different from any other bear in the world.

"In the first place, this bear is found all over the country, not only in wild places in the woods and mountains, but even more often near log houses and little villages, and especially about old pastures where you go to drive the cows in the morning and to get them again at night.

"The strangest thing about this kind of bear is that you never see him in the day time or in the morning, but only when it has begun to get dark a little at evening, and on nights when there is just a tiny bit of moon.

"When I was a boy I had to take my father's cows to pasture every morning and go after them every night. I never met one of these bears in the morning, but sometimes I would see three or four in a single evening, and they would frighten me so that I would run all the way home."

"Did they chase you, Uncle Dan, or did you shoot them, or scare them away?"

"No, dear, I don't think any of them ever chased me, though I ran too hard to see; and I am sure I never shot one, partly because I had no gun with me then, and partly because this kind of bear is so hard and tough that a bullet doesn't hurt him at all; nor can you scare him away. He will not run from anybody, no matter how much you shoot or how loud a noise your gun makes. He just stays right there."

"How big are they, and what color?" asked Lyman, whose eyes were round with interest and excitement.

"They are all sizes," said Uncle Dan, "sometimes not any larger than a Newfoundland dog, sometimes as tall as a big man; but they are always dark-colored —almost black, and they are always standing very still."

"The place where you are most likely to see them is in the shadows near trees, and in fence corners, and along the edges of old pastures."

"Well, but, Uncle Dan," began Rob, eagerly, "if you can't shoot them and can't drive them away, what can you do with this kind of bears? Do you always have to run away from them? I think that is cowardly."

"No, my boy," answered Uncle Dan, with a smile, "there is another way. If you are brave enought to go right up to one of these bears and touch him with your hand, he will never hurt you, but will disappear at once —so quickly that you can't see him go. That is the only thing to do, but I didn't find it out for a long time— until I was almost grown up."

"But what is this strange bear?" asked Lizzie, with a puzzled look on her face. "What is the name of it?"

"Why, they call it the stump bear," answered Uncle Dan, laughing, "and, as I said, he has frightened more persons, especially small boys and girls, than any other kind of animal." And Uncle Dan laughed.

For a second the children did not know what to think. Then Lizzie burst into a joyous laugh. "I know what it is!" she cried. "It isn't a bear at all! It's just an old stump that you think is a bear, like that one near the spring, up at grand-pa's!"

"Yes," admitted Uncle Dan, "that is what I meant. I knew you had seen them, too!" W. F. E.

THE WAY TO JUNE.

It is through the glade that the ice has made,
And under the glistening trees,
Beyond the snow, where the cold winds blow
Through the cave of the old March breeze;
Then down the lane of the April rain
Under violet-scented showers,
And off by way of the hills of May
With their apple-blossom bowers;
Then on again through a leafy glen stile,
With the bird-songs all atune,
Where you rest awhile, at the rose-hung
For you've found the way to June.

—Edith Sanford Tillotson in June St. Nicholas.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

ERNEST NAVILLE.—Geneva's "grand old man" has passed away. The beloved and venerable figure of Ernest Naville will be conspicuously absent in the varied festivities of Geneva's fourfold jubilee in the early days of July, for the few weeks that have elapsed since his death will not have sufficed to make the benign presence seem remote or anything but a very fresh and vivid memory.

Born in December, 1816, of one of the oldest families of Geneva, the eminent philosopher, who passed away in May, had long been the pride of the city that gave him birth. In the words of *Le Signal*:

"Ernest Naville was the incarnation of the sane and sturdy spirit of old Geneva, yet he followed with sympathetic comprehension the efforts of the younger generations to give that spirit new embodiment in forms adapted to the urgent demands of a new time. He was the standard bearer around whom rallied all those who strove to guard the spiritual treasure left to them by their forbears, while yet giving due heed to the needs of the hour. His life, filled with rigorous labor and noble thought, was a fine example of the harmonious working together of all the faculties of being for the attainment of a definite aim. His work, varied in appearance, makes on closer study, a strong impression of unity and coherence.

"From his father, a distinguished educator, Ernest Naville inherited a strong bent for teaching and for educational questions. Having completed his theological studies, he was for a short time pastor, but at the age of twenty-eight he was called to the chair of philosophy in the newly created Faculty of Letters, an appointment which was revoked during the political crisis of 1848. He still taught, however, in several educational institutions established by himself or his friends. His fundamental idea in pedagogy was that education ought not to be separated from Christian education, in his eyes the only excellent. The task of the teacher is to foster the simultaneous development of the heart, the conscience and the intellect. This principle he put into practice and spared neither time, effort nor talent to secure its realization.

"When official teaching was closed to him, his activity took the form of lectures, private courses, magazine articles and works which were not long in making his name known in all the intellectual circles of Europe.

"His first important philosophical work was the editing of the works of Maine de Biran, but this was soon followed by a series of original works in which he showed himself a logician of the first rank. His was a Christian philosophy, based on faith in God. Fundamental affirmations with him were the supremacy of mind over matter, the absolute authority of conscience and the moral law, and the freedom of the will. He was a firm believer in the unity and harmony of the universal order, and the search for that unity seemed to him the supreme end and aim of philosophy.

"We have spoken of his life and work as unified by one definite purpose. That purpose was the vindication of Christianity as confronted by reason, science and philosophy. This was his real vocation and all his work was inspired by it. He was well qualified to combat boldly and long the opposing popular philosophies of the day, particularly materialism, against which were directed some of his weightiest blows, and he carried on the struggle with all the means his ability could command: with tongue and pen, lectures and writings: it called out some of his most forceful pages and dictated some of his finest discourses. Nor was it any narrow, dogmatic formula that he thus defended, but a broad and lofty Christianity, which he conceived to be the very teaching of Christ, and which enabled him to feel himself in communion with cathoics on a number of essential points. This broad conception of Christianity, it was that inspired his firm and fearless attitude during the confessional disturbances of 1872 to 1875, in favor of religious liberty.

"He was a consistent advocate of the separation of church and state and prepared more than one study of the question.

"He has also become known, with reason, as the father of proportional representation, having done much for the introduction of that principle into the electoral system.

"Whatever opinion one may hold regarding his philosophy or his views concerning Christianity," concludes *Le Signal*, "it is impossible to feel aught but respect for the thinker and all must honor the man whose life was so noble, character so upright, and conscience so pure; neither can one fail to recognize his beneficent influence upon his epoch, upon his fellow-citizens, and particularly upon all who found in him a master, counsellor and friend.

"His obsequies brought together a large concourse of university professors, student societies with their banners, and friends, who accompanied the remains to Vernier, where they were laid in the old protestant cemetery besid those of his father, the eminent educator and philanthropist, Francois Naville."

Le Signal promises a series of studies of some special points in the life and work of Ernest Naville from the pens of competent authorities. M. E. H.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago, Abraham Lincoln Centre. The Mid-Summer Bulletin of All Souls Church announces the following arrangement for the occupation of its pulpit during Mr. Jones' vacation. Services will begin at 11 a. m. promptly. Strangers in the city are specially invited.

June 27. Mrs. F. Gurney Stubbs. Subject: Woman and the Larger Housekeeping.

July 4. Prof. George B. Foster of the University of Chicago. Subject: A Free People.

July 11. Rev. Gertrude von Petzold, recently of England. Subject: The Religion of the Cross in the Twentieth Century.

July 18. Miss von Petzold. Subject: Catherine of Sienna; a Mediæval Saint.

July 25. Miss von Petzold. Subject: Savonarola, a Martyr for Civic Righteousness.

Aug. 1. Miss von Petzold. Subject: Wicliff, the Forerunner.

Aug. 8. Miss von Petzold. Subject: Luther, the Reformer.

Aug. 15. Miss von Petzold. Subject: Confessions of a Beautiful Soul (Goethe).

Aug. 22. Miss von Petzold. Subject: Women's Rights.

Aug. 29. Miss Evelyn H. Walker. Subject: A Sermon from the West.

Sept. 5. Miss Kate Kellogg, Assistant Supt. Chicago Public Schools. Subject: How to Introduce the Civic Consciousness into Our Public Schools.

Sept. 12. Rev. E. E. Carr, Editor Christian Socialist. Subject: The Social Message of Jesus.

Sept. 19. Rev. E. C. Smith, Secretary Western Unitarian Conference. Subject: Shall We Conform?

Sept. 26. After Vacation Sermon by the Pastor, Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Miss von Petzold and her friend, Dr. Adele Fuchs, will be in residence at Lincoln Centre during the months of July and August.

Ope, ope, my soul; around thee press
A thousand things of worth;
Truth, Beauty, and all holiness,
Are waiting to have birth.

Lie open; Love and Duty stand,
Thy guardian angels near,
To lead thee gently by the hand,—
Their words of welcome hear.

Lie open, soul, in watchfulness,
Each brighter glory win:
The Universe thy heart shall bless
And strength shall enter in.

—*Herbert New.*

The Tower Hill Summer Encampment

FOR THE SEASON OF 1909

For those who are looking for a quiet, restful place to spend vacation months

The Plant: The Tower Hill Pleasure Company owns a tract of land of about sixty-five acres, effectively enclosed, abundantly shaded by native and planted trees, an adequate reservoir, which is piped to the various buildings and supplied with the purest water, drawn from a well sunk into the Potsdam sandstone, which yields scarcely a trace of organic matter. It owns a dining room, ice house, pavilion with a seating capacity of 250, with fireplace, class room facilities, one cottage and two long houses for rent, servants' quarters, etc., etc. All the buildings are wire screened and are insect and rain proof. Tower Hill and its river surroundings afford exceptional opportunities for the artist with paint brush or camera, or for the amateur geologist, botanist, orthinologist, etc. A well tilled garden, and an adequate dairy, in connection with the Jenkin Lloyd Jones Farm, supply the table.

Private Cottages: Shares in the Tower Hill Pleasure Company have been sold for twenty-five dollars ($25) each; this entitles the holder to a building site, the cottage being private property and subject to sale, though the title to the land remains vested in the company. At the present time the encampment contains seventeen (17) such cottages.

Expenses: The expenses of the Encampment consist of the wages of one man, who, in addition to the care of the property, gets up the wood, fills the ice house and maintains the garden, and the incidental expenses necessary to keep the water works and the public property in order. To meet these expenses there is paid to the company treasury an annual sustaining tax of twenty dollars ($20) from each cottage owner, and 10 per cent of the gross earnings of the dining room and laundry and the Longhouses rentals.

History: The site of the Tower Hill Encampment was once within the limits of a busy pioneer village and river town, Helena, Iowa County, Wisconsin, which went down with the advent of the railroad and the establishment of Spring Green, leaving Helena at one side. On the top of the bluff was situated at one time the "melting house" of a thriving shot tower (hence the name), the hot pellets falling through a shaft of some two hundred feet into a well on the level of the Wisconsin river, which sweeps around the base of the hill, where the finishing house was situated; the product was shipped by boat in the ante-railroad days down the river to St. Louis and elsewhere. The property was bought in 1890 by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, William C. Gannett and S. S. Hunting, with the double motive of rescuing a picturesque and sightly hill, with the surrounding country of great beauty, from vandal fires and wanton neglect, and with the hope of establishing a quiet retreat, where tired ministers, teachers and other city-bound people might find an escape from the noise, the hurry, the strain, the style, the exactions of fashion and the burdensome conventions of society, and for a time enjoy at minimum cost communion with nature with a few master minds and, when profitable, with one another. These aims have been kept strictly in view. Life on the Hill is kept very quiet and simple. The residents retire early and the privacy of the cottages is respected. "Plain Living and High Thinking" has been the aim. The men go in their shirt sleeves, women in plain calico or its equivalent, and children in their bare feet. It is no place for Saratoga trunk displays and impediments; fine dresses can better be displayed elsewhere.

The Encampment was laid out and the company incorporated by Robert L. Joiner, County Surveyor, and the original clearing and initial work was carried on under his direction and with the coöperation of the Lloyd Jones brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, and James Philip and David Timothy, of the Hillside Valley, whose continuous support has been an important element in the growth and strength of the Hill colony. The movement has also enjoyed from the start the coöperation and sympathy of many other neighbors in the vicinity and in the village of Spring Green.

The Tower Hill Summer School

In the furtherance of the above object, the Summer School held its first session in 1890, its meetings for the first year being held in the school house in Hillside Valley. The Emerson Pavilion was completed and dedicated in time for the season of 1891. Since then the sessions have been held continuously on the Hill, with the exception of 1893, the World's Fair year, when the Encampment was closed and the study classes were held in Chicago in "Unity Building," a boarding home for friendly visitors to the fair, which was rented, equipped and sustained by a Tower Hill committee, and whose net earnings greatly aided in the first equipment, rendered possible by certain "loans" made by a few of the residents, which were never collected and have long since been forgiven and forgotten.

The object of this school from the beginning has been;

First, to give an opportunity for coöperative study of Bible and religious programs from a devout but progressive and scientific standpoint, with the normal school purpose of enabling the student to carry the result of his studies into Sunday-school and home instruction. It was organized around the seven years' course of study in religion, printed below.

Second, to deepen the acquaintance with master bards, particularly those most in need of interpretative helps and on that account most in danger of being neglected, viz., Browning, Emerson, Whitman and their fellows.

Third, such study of nature—rock, flower, insect and bird—as the surroundings invite and encourage.

Fourth, the furnishing of such popular and illustrative lectures as the resources of the Hill, the State University and other available material would offer.

Fifth, the holding of such public assemblies, Sunday gatherings, basket meetings, as would interest, socialize and edify the neighbors in that country side.

In all five of these directions the work has been carried on with increasing success, each year adding something to its potency and interest. The Grove Meeting Sundays, two or three in a season, have been greatly appreciated by a constituency representing a circle of attendance whose radius is thirty or more miles in extent.

The Conductor of the School has always been Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and with the exception of the first years he has given the lessons in religion and the major part of the work in poetry, though a list of those who have assisted in the class room, with object lesson and lecture, would make a long one, too long to be here inserted; an imperfect list would be unfair.

This year's work will be given to the sixth year in the Seven Years' Course, studying the books of the New Testament in their chronological order, as follows.

Class in Religion—

1. The Origin and Organization of the Early Church.
2. The Persecutions.
3. The Mingling of Greek, Roman and Christian Elements.
4. Constantine and Julian. 311-363.
5. Jerome. 340 (?)-420.
6. Augustine's "The City of God." 354-430.
7. St. Benedict. 480-543.
8. Monks and Missions in the West.
9. Gregory I. (The Great). 540 (?)-604.
10. Mohammed. 570-632.
11. Charlemagne. 742-814.

12. Alfred the Great. 849-901.
13. The Conversion of the Slav, St. Stephen.
14. Hildebrand, 1020 (?)-1085.
15. Abelard, 1079-1142.
16. Bernard of Clairvaux. 1091-1153.
17. Feudalism and Chivalry: The Real and the Ideal.
18. The Crusades. 1096-1271.
19. St. Francis of Assisi. 1182-1226. The Coming of the Friars.
20. Cathedral Building.
21. The Rise of the Universities.
22. Dante. 1265-1321.
23. The Black Death and its Effects.
24. Wicliff. 1324-1384. Huss. 1369-1415.
25. The Fore-runners of the Reformation. 1380 (?)-1471, Wesel (1420-89.)
26. Torquemada. 1420-1498.
27. The Great Renaissance.
28. Savonarola. (1452-1498.)
29. Michael Angelo. 1475-1564.
30. More's "Utopia." 1516.

REFERENCES.

For full analysis and detailed references in the field at large, the syllabus issued by Professor Thompson of the University of Chicago, entitled "Reference Studies in Mediæval History" (50c), a pamphlet of 130 pages, is specially recommended, and it is hoped that a copy of this exhaustive index to English sources will be in the hands of each student. The Growth of Christianity," by Joseph Henry Crooker, is a little hand-book prepared in 1897 for this particular course and was published by the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society (30c); Robinson's History of Western Europe, and the same author's "Readings in European History," The Middle Ages (Ginn & Co.), are excellent guides; Munro and Sellery's "Mediæval Civilization" (Century Co.), and Adams' "Civilization During the Middle Ages" (Scribners), are highly recommended. Fuller reference list supplied on application.

Studies in Religion—Seven Years' Course

These studies were inaugurated at Tower Hill and have been continued throughout its twenty years' work. First year, "Beginnings, or the Cradle Life of the Soul;" second year, "Religions of the Elder World;" third year, "The Growth of the Hebrew Religion;" fourth year. "The Hebrew Religion Meeting the Classical World;" fifth year, "The New Testament, The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion;" sixth year, "The Growth of Christianity;" seventh year, "The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion; from Erasmus to Emerson."

Dates and Prices

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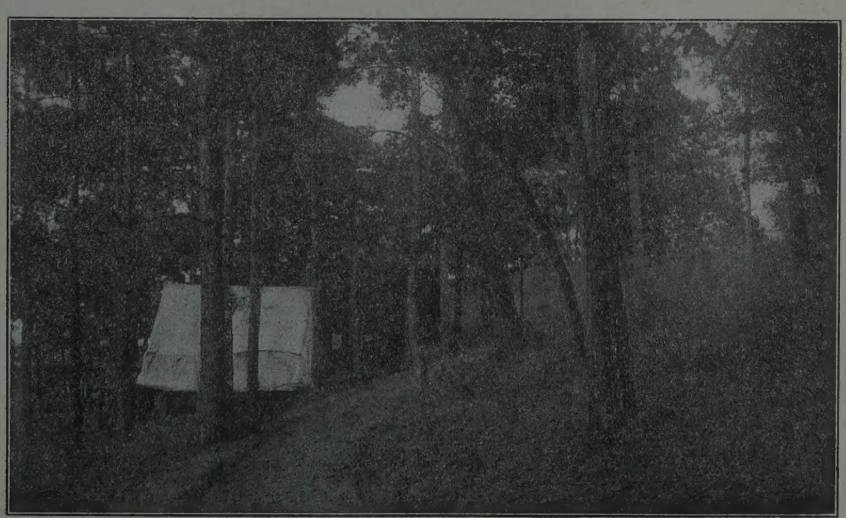

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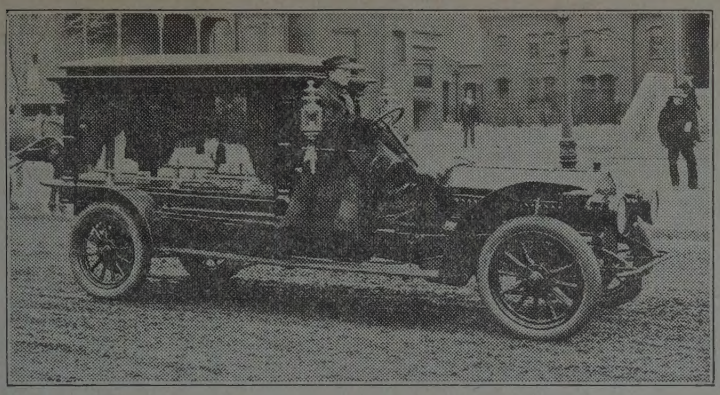

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